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form Dr. Dewey founded his *C. Vaseyi*. It is not a hybrid. *C. monile* is referred to *C. vesicaria* by Otto von Bœckeler in *Linnaea*, 41, p. 320.

††Perigynium not conspicuously turgid, squarrose at maturity and the spikes comose in appearance.

C. UTRICULATA, Boott, Hook. Fl. Bor. Am. II, 221. Somewhat stoloniferous; culm stout, acutely angled above, very thick and spongy at the base; leaves broad (2-6 lines), carinate at the base, much exceeding the culm, conspicuously nodulose-reticulated; pistillate spikes two to six, more or less remote, the upper sessile, the lower often on weak peduncles an inch or two long, long-cylindrical or terete (1-7 in. long), thick and compactly flowered (sometimes loosely flowered at the base), often male at the top; perigynium ellipsoid or globose-ovoid, usually gradually tapering into a short beak, broader and commonly longer than the very acute or rough-awned scale. Var. MINOR, Sartwell, is smaller in all its parts, with spikes an inch or so long.—Generally distributed in swampy places throughout the Northern United States, entirely across the continent, and in British America.

C. AMPULLACEA, Gooden., Obs. 207. Strongly stoloniferous?; culm rather slender, obtusely angled, not conspicuously thickened at the base; leaves narrow ($\frac{3}{4}$ -2 lines broad), canaliculate, finely and inconspicuously nodulose below; spikes fewer, narrower and shorter, more approximate, the lower seldom conspicuously exserted; perigynium subglobose or globose-elliptic, in typical forms more shortly and abruptly beaked, longer than the normally muticous scale.—Colorado and northward, evidently throughout Western British America. The typical form is not common, and perhaps it does not occur within the limits of the United States. Specimens from our Rocky Mountain region appear to have nearly flat leaves. Von Bœckeler uses *C. rostrata*, Withering, for this species and proposes *C. Michauxiana* for the *C. rostrata* of Michaux.

John Williamson.—Obituary.

BY GEO. E. DAVENPORT.

In the BOTANICAL GAZETTE for June, 1878, the writer called attention to a hand-book on the "Ferns of Kentucky," then in the course of preparation, and asked for it a favorable reception.

Now it has become his painful duty to tell the readers of the GAZETTE that the author of that book is dead. John Williamson is dead!

Only a few years ago his name was unknown beyond the circle of a few friends and business associates; to-day it has a world-wide reputation, and is honored by the city of his adoption as among the proudest in its history.

What John Williamson, the artist-botanist, has done for art in Louisville can never be forgotten. His name will ever stand as a monumental example of what an earnest, sincere soul, animated by high aims and purposes, can accomplish under the most trying adverse surroundings, and encourage others who may be groping upward toward the light, and struggling as he struggled and groped for years, until the dawn of a triumphant career flooded all his future with promises of rich reward. How inexpressibly sad to think that just as that success for which he had worked and waited so patiently seemed within his grasp, he should have been cut off before reaping the harvest for which he had sown so well. But though denied this, and his personal presence is no longer among men, his influence will live and the impetus given to art in his adopted city by his example will go on, reaching out into broadening circles from year to year.

Williamson was a native of Scotland, and came to this country about 1866, settling soon after in Louisville, where he established himself in the business of wood-carving. Later on he became interested in a brass foundry, in the carrying on of which he acquired that knowledge of working metals which enabled him to combine so successfully, and with such exquisite results, his love for the beautiful in nature with the practical in art.

In his mind there existed to an unusual degree the happiest blending of the ideal with the real, and the vast store-house of nature which he had explored so thoroughly was made to contribute as never before to the service of decorative art.

Ferns and wild flowers, wild flowers and ferns, grace and beauty, beauty and grace, without end, worked over and over without repetition into charming variations on metal and bronze and paper, until his artistic tastes culminated in the establishment of the Williamson Art Metal Works for the purpose of carrying into practical operation his rare designs for household art decoration.

To this business he was devoting himself with wonderful energy when cut off in the very prime and strength of his man-

hood, and while on the threshold of prosperity, with the future big with splendid possibilities.

Full of indomitable energy, and possessed with the sterling Scotch integrity of character, Mr. Williamson enjoyed the fullest confidence and respect of his business associates, by whom he will be greatly missed; but it is to his many warm personal, social friends that his death and loss come home with the keenest poignancy. The charming and unaffected simplicity of his manners, brusque frankness and transparent sincerity, enabled him to make and hold fast friends who loved him for the purity and nobility of his soul, even more than for his unquestionable genius.

An ardent naturalist, he had not been in Louisville long before he sought out the Natural History Society at New Albany, across the river, and soon became known as an enthusiastic botanist. All the leisure moments he could snatch from a busy life were given up to his favorite study, with what result his fern books and etchings testify.

His was another one of those instances in which one possessed with a strong love for natural pursuits finds, or makes time, even in the midst of a busy working life, without neglecting necessary duties, and under adverse circumstances, without the advantage of means, or special training, to do some good work that leaves a mark on the page of history, of which he nor posterity need ever after be ashamed.

High on the scroll, beside the revered names of Frost and Parker, the name of Williamson, the "Louisville Mechanic," claims an honored place.

The writer's correspondence with Williamson grew out of his fern book, and soon ripened into feelings of mutual friendship, and it became a pleasant duty to aid one who, worshipping at the same shrine, brought such rich gifts and tributes to the plants which the writer had chosen for his own special study.

When the *Ferns of Kentucky* was published, the expense of printing etchings made it necessary to transfer them to the lithographer's stone, and in the reproduction by this process the illustrations lost much of their original beauty. No one was more sensible of this than the author, and it was this that, in a measure, led to the publication of "Fern Etchings," in the second edition of which the etchings were printed by the gifted author. Some of these etchings are marvels of beauty.

The late M. P. Whipple, of Boston, an art critic of good judgment, was warm in his praises of them, and told the writer

that in all that constituted the true test of etching—fidelity to texture and life-like expression—they were the finest work of the kind he had ever seen. Hamerton complimented them highly in a personal letter to the author, and journals abroad spoke in high terms of this work of the “Louisville Mechanic,” as they called him.

Williamson did not study the ferns in vain. He entered into the secrets of their innermost life, and when his dextrous needle traced their outlines in lifeless metal, they sprang into existence as vividly and life-like as when growing in their native haunts.

He was at the writer’s home in June, 1881, and the magnetism of his presence drew toward him all our household, of which he quickly became a part. We walked with him over and through the adjacent portion of the “Middlesex Fells,” he chatting with the children, with whom he became a great favorite, like one of themselves, yet all the while his keen glance searching for, to him, new plants and flowers. And so we led him on to where the fringed polygala still lingered in bloom, without mentioning it, that he might have the pleasure of finding it himself, when a cheery “Hallo! here is something new; what is this?” made us turn to see him bending in admiration over this charming little plant.

He was at the writer’s home again during the winter of the present year, and although he appeared outwardly to be in his usual ruddy health, a tired expression in his eyes gave cause for anxiety and led us to caution him against too much overwork.

Soon after his return home he wrote that he had been confined to his room for a week by what his physician called a severe attack of neuralgia in his side, but, he added, “I think it was more serious.”

On the 10th of June he wrote, “Since my last severe sickness I have never felt real well. I have a great deal of hard work to do, and now I find myself unable to do anything. I am just completely broken down, and to morrow I go to the country and take a rest.”

And so he went to the mountains of West Virginia with the hope that the mountain air and a brief rest would bring him about again all right. But the season there, as elsewhere, was cold and damp, and while on the river toward evening he was taken with a congestive chill, which resulted in his death. Dr. Barksdale wrote that when he was called to attend him he found him lying on a pallet by the bank of the river, and that he only lived a half-hour after being removed to his hotel.

And so died John Williamson, on the 17th of June, 1884, and in the 46th year of his age, "his last conscious hours passed in the woods he had loved so well," writes a near and dear friend, adding that the banks of the stream and hillsides were covered with ferns, and that "I know that if he could have had his choice he would have preferred to die so, if only his dear old mother could have been by his side."

Williamson's devotion to his mother was chivalrous. He always spoke of her in terms of the deepest reverence and endearment, and if his last conscious thought could have been interpreted, it must have been for her who by his death would be left alone in her old age without a single relative in this country, though he would have known, too, that loving friends would care for and protect her.

His remains were taken to Louisville, and amid graceful tributes of flowers and ferns the artist-botanist, surrounded by sorrowing friends, was borne tenderly to his last earthly resting-place in Cave Hill Cemetery.

Farewell, dear friend! yet not to thee farewell.
I know that thou art living, breathing still
In every flower and fern by rock or rill;
And thy freed spirit evermore will haunt
The woods and streams where all thy loved ferns dwell.
I loved thee for thy virtues and thine art,
And here in reverence pay this tribute of my heart.

MEDFORD, MASS., July, 1884.

Notes on the Flora of W. Dakota and E. Montana, Adjacent to the Northern Pacific Railroad*—II.

BY JOHN B. LEIBERG.

The *Compositæ*, as might be expected, were numerously represented. Species of *Liatris*, *Solidago* and *Bigelovia* were abundant. Asters were rather rare. *Helianthus lenticularis*, Dougl., (more correctly known as *H. annuus*, L., since it has been shown to be the original of the common cultivated sunflower), was the only species of this extensive genus occurring at all plentifully west of the Missouri. *Lepachys pinnata*, Torr. & Gr., was wholly replaced by *L. columnaris*, Torr. & Gr., and its variety *Tagetes*, Gray. It is curious to notice the

*Read before the Minnesota Academy of Natural Sciences, March 4, 1884.